

T H E
S K Y - L A R K ;

A C H O I C E

Collection of New SONGS.

C O N T A I N I N G,

1. COLLIN and DOLLY.
2. A NEW SONG.
3. WOMEN.
4. DAPHNE.
5. THE BANKS OF THE DEE.
6. A HUNTING SONG.

T E W K E S B U R Y :

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Retail. Likewise, the True Original Daffy's
Elixir, Bateman's Drops, Scotch Pills, and all
other Medicines of established Reputation, that
are advertised in the Weekly Papers,

T H E
S K Y - L A R K,



COLIN and DOLLY,

A S down the meads young Colin went,
A comely lad and innocent;
His mind compos'd, serene his look,
His hand supported by a crook;
His little dog close at his heels,
He met with Dol who weeping kneels,
Dear swain, said she, I wanted you,
Alas! I know not what to do!

The harmless youth who on her gaz'd,
To see her thus was much amaz'd,
At first he could not to her speak,
At last he silence thus did break
Say, what would'st thou? young shepherdess,
Is't in my power thee to redress?

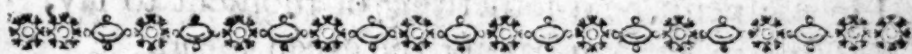
It is, said she, go to you brow,
And there I'll tell thee, Collin, how.

He with her went, said she, dear swain,
And tears ran trickling down amain,
Climbing yon stile I tore a flit,
Pray Collin do but look at it.

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And then the wound he open laid---
A gash so great made Col afraid;
Like light'ning down the hill he flew,
Doll griev'd, cause he did nothing do.

But instantly with might and main,
He up the hill return'd again,
Half out of breath, said he, my dear,
Behold this balsam I've brought here;---
I've to a surgeon been; and he
Calls this a sov'reign remedy;
So ere they parted from the brow,
He cur'd her---you know how.



A new S O N G.

ONE midsummer morning when nature look'd
gay,

The birds full of song, and the flocks full of play,
When earth seem'd to answer the finiles from above,
And all things proclaim'd it the season of love,
My mother cry'd, Nancy come haste to the mill,
If the corn be not ground; you may scold if you will.

The freedom to use my tongue pleas'd me no
doubt,

A woman alas! would be nothing without,
I went toward the mill without any delay,
And conn'd o'er the words I determin'd to say,
But when I came near it I found it stock still,
Bless my stars now I cry'd, huff'em rarely I will.

The miiler to market that instant was gone,
The work was all left to the care of his son,

Now tho' I can scold as well as any one can,
I thought 'twould be wrong for to scold the young
man,

I said I'm surpriz'd you can use me so ill,
Sir I must have my corn ground I must and I will.

Sweet maid cry'd the youth the neglect is not mine,
No corn in the town I'd grind sooner than thine,
There's no one more ready in pleasing the fair,
The mill shall go merrily round I declare,
But hark how the birds sing and see how they bill,
Now I must have a kiss first I must and I will.

My corn being done I toward home bent my way,
He whisper'd he'd something of moment to say,
Insisted to hand me along the green mead,
And there swore he lov'd me indeed, and indeed,
And that he'd be constant and true to me still,
So since that time I've lik'd him and like him I will.

I often say mother the miller I'll huff,
She laughs and cries go girl, aye plague him enough,
And scarce a day passes but by her desire,
I gain a sly kiss from the youth I admire,
If wedlock he wishes his wish I'll fulfill,
And I'll answer oh ! yes, with a hearty good will.



W O M E N,

NO longer let whimsical songsters compare,
The merits of wine with the charms of the
fair,

I appeal to the men, to determine between,
A tan-bellied bacchus, and beauty's fair queen.

The pleasures of drinking henceforth I resign,
For tho' there is mirth, yet there's madness in wine;
Then let not false sparkles our senses beguile,
'Tis the mention of Chloe, that makes the glass smile.

Her beauty's with rapture my senses inspire,
And the more I behold her, the more I admire,
But the charms of her temper and mind I adore,
These virtues shall bless me, when beauty's no more.

How happy our days when with love we engage,
'Tis the transport of youth, 'tis the comfort of age;
But what are the joys of the bottle and bowl?
Wine tickles the taste, love enraptures the soul.

A sot as he riots in liquor will cry,
The longer I drink the more thirsty am I,
From this fair confession, 'tis plain my good friend,
You're a toper eternal, and drink to no end.

Your big-bellied bottle may ravish your eye,
But how foolish you'll look when your bottle is dry,
From woman, dear woman sweet pleasures must
spring,

Nay the stoics must own it,---she is the best thing.

Yet some praises to wine we may justly afford,
For a time it will make one as great as a lord;
But woman forever gives transport to man,
And I'll love the dear sex---aye as long as I can.



D A P H N E.

WHY heaves my fond bosom? ah! what can it
mean?

Why flutters my heart which was once so serene?

Why this fighting & trembling when Daphne is near,
Or why when she's absent, this sorrow and fear,

For ever methinks, I with wonder could trace,
The thousand soft charms that embellish thy face;
Each moment I view thee, new beauties I find,
With thy face I am charm'd but enslav'd by thy mind.

Untainted with folly, unsullied by pride,
There native good humour, and virtue reside;
Pray heaven that virtue thy soul may supply,
With compassion for him, who without thee must
die.



The BANKS of the DEE.

(Tune, Lango Lee)

IT was summer so softly the breezes were blowing,
And sweetly the nightingale sung from a tree,
At the foot of a rock where the river was flowing,
I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee,
Flow on lovely Dee, flow on thou sweet river,
Thy banks purest streams shall be dear to me ever,
Where I first gain'd the affection and favour,
Of Jemmy the pride of the banks of the Dee.
But now he's gone from me and left me thus mourn-
ing,

To quell the proud rebels for valient is he,
And yet there's no hopes of his speedy returning,
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
He's gone hapless youth o'er the loud roaring bil-
lows,
The sweetest and kindest of all his brave fellows,

And has left me to mourn amongst these once lov'd
willows,

The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time any my prayers may perhaps yet restore him

Bless'd peace may restore my dear shepherd to me,
And when he comes home with such care I'll watch
o'er him,

He never shall quit the sweet banks of the Dee,
The Dee then shall show all it's beauties displaying,
The lambs on the banks shall again be seen playing,
Whilst I with my Jemmy am carelessly straying,

And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.



A Hunting SONG.

HARK! the horn calls away;

Come the grave, come the gay,

Wake to music that waken the skies,

Quit the bondage of sloth and arise.

From the east breaks the morn,

See the sun beams adorn,

The wild heath and the mountains so high,

Strilly opes the staunch hound,

The steed'neighs to the sound,

And the floods and the valleys reply.

Our forefathers so good,

Prov'd the greatness of blood,

By encountring the pard and the boar,

Ruddy health bloom'd the face,

Age and youth urg'd the chace,

And taught woodlands and forests to roar.

Hence of noble descent,
Hills and wilds we frequent,
Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd,
Tho' in life's busy day,
Man of man make a prey,
Still let our's be the prey of the field,
With the chace in full sight,
Gods how great the delight,
Now our mortal sensations refine,
Where is care where is fear,
Like the winds in the rear,
And the man's lost in something divine.
Now to horse my brave boys,
Lo each pants for the joys,
That anon shall enliven the whole,
Then at eve well dismount,
Toils and pleasures recount,
And renew the chase over the bowl.

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